

ON THE RIVER

The wind and water meeting made, And passion sleep secure from waking;
 A memory in the hues that fade Our hearts forgot their ancient aching,
 Between the sundown and night's shade, Our spirits so the past forsaking,
 We floated on a down the river— We knew that delicate hour & golden,
 Not Death himself our souls might sever, Delight was ours, and memory olden
 We felt we should so float for ever. In happy sleep was fast 'enfolden.

The lapping wave, no boisterous billow,
 Behind us swept past reed and willow.
 Love for our guide, and peace our pillow,
 What joy to see the coy moon peeping
 O'er dreaming hills & woodlands sleeping,
 Ever her faithful vigil keeping.

O then for us no phantom morrow,
 Full-fraught with old prophetic sorrow;
 Night cease our souls to vainly borrow
 The future's largess in that hour,
 Whose wealth of unimagined dower
 Sufficed for life, come sun, come shower.

ALICE HAVERE.